

Dream Poem

by Craig Middleton

There's a wooly terror
by the lake tonight
holding its ominous ebony
head low, tombstone-grey
lanolin moss hanging off
dark, knobby limbs
as it eyes me,
walking out of the gloom.
I can see the charge
before it happens,
spinning in my tracks
towards the burning planks
and timbers
that once made up my home.
The tiny fearsome marauder
bursts forth upon fragile legs
bleating a fearsome
battle cry,
getting closer and closer
as I run against an
impossible wind, suddenly
preventing my retreat.
Just as the damned creature
is on my heels, doom certain,

I find myself
pulling the blankets above
my head,
an unnaturally high whimper
slipping out,
jolting me back to

the bed I'd never left,
the early morning dark not
yet broken.

I was safe.

But what would I
ever be able to count
to go back
to sleep?